2: Maguire G-5 (ca. 1926) 1927-28
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covered with a strip of soft hide—often that of reedbuck or impala—worked to a state of pliability resembling that of chamois leather. The barb is never coated with poison under any circumstance.

A small supply of fresh poison (*ngwane*) is sometimes carried in the heel of the quiver. This poison is a black, sticky mass made by boiling the leaves of a certain tree and is manufactured exclusively by the Wakamba. The Dorobo know nothing about it, hold it in considerable awe, and have never attempted to make poison of their own.[1]

In the quiver is also carried a fire-stick (*Ol-kiriañgeti*) and a fire-block (*sasamda*). The Dorobo are experts at making fire and scorn to use matches. A small flat spoon (*kanuléuandee*) for smearing poison on the arrow-heads is also carried—this spoon is made from the same wood as the bow; and a small knife for smoothing and rounding the arrow-shafts. This knife is called *orueta siléléd*.[2] A wooden tube about twelve to eighteen inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter, not unlike a peashooter, will always be found in a Dorobo quiver. This tube, called *endulee*, is used for drinking from pools which are shallow or which have a dirty, scummy surface. (It is a point of honour with every Dorobo and an unwritten bush law that a man should not stir up the mud in any water at which he drinks.) The *endulee* is also used to induce, by blowing through it, a blaze or clouds of smoke from lighted grass put into a hive to drive the bees away from the honey.

A Dorobo quiver, as we have seen, contains a large number of objects essential to the bush life that the Dorobo leads. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that it is next to impossible to purchase a furnished one. A Dorobo once told me (I am sure he meant it) that he would not exchange his quiver and its contents for five oxen. The price habitually paid to the parents of a girl taken in marriage is from two to five arrows, and a demand on the parents' part for a full quiver would be regarded as extortionate.

The Dorobo may be seen sometimes with a small axe which

[1] That is, arrow poison. The Dorobo are reputed to have a powerful poison they mix with snuff. When inhaled, it is stated to have a fatal result. I have been unable to obtain a specimen of this poison and doubt its existence.

[2] Literally, "*Small knife.*"

2; Maguire G-5 (ca. 1926) 1927-28
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have lived in the country of the Kitēto Masai, since they are stated to have been the precursors of the Masai in this part of the world.

I was unable to elicit any folk-tales from the *Aramanik*, who say that they know no stories or legends except those they have learned from the Masai. It is possible that further efforts in this direction might meet with better success. The *Aramanik* are not as friendly or as ready to discuss their own affairs as are the cheerful, happy-go-lucky *Mósiro*.

Many Masai superstitions and superstitious practices are to be found among the Dorobo. There are, however, certain customs and observances of a superstitious nature practised only by the Dorobo. Of the following three examples, the last two given are in this category.

The *Mósiro* will not kill a python. They say it is a hunter of meat, as are they themselves. Furthermore, if it be killed, the ground where it dies and where its blood is split is ever afterwards fatal to cattle grazing there.[1] No explanation is given of this, and it would seem worthy of note that the Dorobo are exceptionally quick and skilful killers of all other snakes.

When following a native path or a road, if a Dorobo comes to the place where the track of a snake crosses the path, he will never step over it without first kicking up the sand or earth in order to break the continuity of the snake's track. This is done in order to avert evil, and is stated to be the only efficacious way of ensuring that the snake in question will not eventually kill the man who has crossed its path.[2]

If a Dorobo has been robbed and if the thief cannot be found, the following procedure is sometimes resorted to. The man who has suffered the loss heats his sword in the fire until it is red and then, plunging it into the earth, he says: "The thief shall die to-morrow." This is regarded as a very bad practice and is seldom indulged in, as the injured party, no matter how much he may have lost, knows that he will become extremely unpopular as a result of his action.

It seems likely that in a few years' time there will be no *Balañga* and no *Kinyalañgat* Dorobo. As I have said elsewhere, it is now almost impossible to find *Balañga* or *Kinya-*

[1] See Hollis: *The Nandi*, p. 80.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 79.